

THE LADY'S

OR,

WEEKLY



MISCELLANY;

THE

VISITOR.

FOR THE USE AND AMUSEMENT OF BOTH SEXES.

VOL. XII.]

Saturday, January 26, 1811.

[NO. 14.]

ALBERT AND EMMA.

(*An Interesting Tale.*)

Continued.

In the beginning of the engagement Fargeon declared, that with a view to save him, he snatched the infant from his mother's arms, who had swooned on the approach of the armed villains; and that having escaped with him to the woods, he lulled him to sleep on a bank near the road; where he watched the approach of some passenger whom he hoped to move with compassion; that he waited not long, as Durand was soon after sent by Providence to be the fortunate instrument of his preservation; Fargeon added, that he then returned to the baron, who himself had headed the villainous troops; and found it not difficult to persuade him, that he had with his own hands strangled the child, and buried him in a deep ditch. Soon after these occurrences he had married

and retired to Switzerland with his wife, where he had lived with an unbraiding conscience ever since, upon the wages of iniquity; with this sole consolation, however, that he was in appearance alone guilty of the murder. He had lately arrived at the knowledge of the late marquis' decease, and of the succession of the baron, which awakened in his mind such remorse for the share taken by him in the deception, that he had almost resolved to return to France, in order to divulge a secret, which oppressed his countenance; when he unexpectedly met and recollected Durand, to whom he resolutely confessed the whole. My faithful domestic lost no time in imparting to me this momentous secret; I had not yet disclosed to Prevot the discovery, which his intelligence had made to me of your family, but had immediately confided it to Durand, whose report of Fargeon's confession, added a strong confirmation of circumstances,

sufficiently evident before.—The secret yet remains between us undivulged :—but now is the crisis of your fate, and the moment is arrived for you to assert your claims,—to prove your existence,—to expose to justice the usurper of your rights—‘and the murderer of my mother!’ exclaimed Albert; ‘little did I conceive, when I attended the funeral of the lamented marquis de Clairville, that I was performing an act of duty, and following a parent to the grave!’

Sleep visited not the eyelids of Albert, who passed the remainder of the night in revolving the wondrous events, which had been imparted to him. Abhorrence of Morenzi's crimes and meditated revenge animated every faculty of the mind; but in the midst of these filial emotions the seducing form of Emma would sometimes glide into his ideas, enlightening the future prospect of his life with brightest hope. When the count met Albert in the morning, he found him, impelled by youthful ardour and the thirst of vengeance, resolved to hasten to Clairville castle, and to challenge the assassin of his mother. The count endea-

voured to sooth his impetuosity by representing to him that the judicature of France would do him ample justice; and that they were fortunately armed with evidence sufficient to condemn a traitor, whose atrocious crimes ought to be publicly punished by the exertion of those laws, which he had violated. He proposed, however, without loss of time, to accompany him to France, and to take immediate measures for seizing the person of the baron de Morenzi. Albert submitted to the opinion of the count, and they set out accordingly the next morning, with a large retinue, among whom Durand, Fargeon, and Prevot were included.

We will leave the travellers to pursue their journey, while we return to the baron de Morenzi. Du Val, ever indefatigable in a cause, wherein his own advantage was concerned, had resolved to make use of the first opportunity, which should offer, to secure the lovely Emma, in the absence of her father. For this purpose he arose at break of day, and with two trusty domestics, in whom he could confide the basest designs, took his secret stand behind a thick hedge, that fenced the small garden

of Bernard, with an intent to watch his departure from the cottage, and to seize the unprotected victim whom he had devoted to his own avarice and the licentious passion of Moronzi. While this wretch was lurking in ambush, some peasants, accustomed to call their well-beloved neighbour to the occupations of the day, having repeated their usual signal to no purpose, knocked at the door; they received no answer; an universal consternation prevailed among them. After consulting some time, they agreed to force the door, which having effected, they entered, and found to their astonishment the cottage deserted. Du Val and his associates had by this time joined in the search, and having no difficulty to account for the flight of Bernard and his daughter, hastened to the castle to inform the baron of a circumstance so mortifying to his passion. Morenzi, exasperated with rage and disappointment, vowed vengeance on the fugitives, and ordered a carriage to be got ready, threw himself into it with Du Val determined to overtake the objects of his fury. Although well convinced that they had been too cautious to

attempt concealing themselves in the village, before his departure he ordered that every cottage should be searched.— They took the same road which Bernard had chosen; and they pursued the wanderers as closely, as the interval of some hours would admit. While Morenzi was engaged in the pursuit of this venerable old man, Bernard, studiously anxious to protect his persecuted daughter, impatiently waited the approach of morning, when the landlord had promised him a carriage. He had locked the door of his daughter's chamber, intending not to disturb her repose, until the moment of departure should arrive, and had returned to his room below, where anxiously solicitous for the return of day, he stood at a window contemplating the declining moon. He was roused from his reverie by the entrance, through the open door, of a large dog, which, jumping up to his knees, began fawning upon him, as recollecting an old acquaintance.— Bernard soon called to his remembrance the faithful creature; when his master, who had missed his favourite, traced him to that apartment, and entering it, discovered to the

astomished Bernard the unexpected form of Albert. A mutual surprise and pleasure made them exclaim the same instant, 'is it possible!' An explanation soon took place on each side; and the count de Bournonville having joined them, he received Bernard with every mark of friendship and condescension.

(To be Continued.)

THE
MONK OF THE GROTTO.

A Tale.

(Continued)

Father Carlo, knowing their taste for natural history, conducted them to a superb grotto, formed of shell-work which terminated one of the alleys of the park. After having admired the beauty and singular form of many of the shells, the two friends directed the conversation to the objects of mineralogy, which they had contemplated the preceding evening.

'You appear, my Father,' said one of them, 'to be perfectly acquainted with this place. We cannot too highly

felicitate ourselves upon our extraordinary good fortune in meeting with you at the moment we had despaired of recovering our lost way; but we fear we interrupted, by our presence, the religious act in which you appeared occupied.'

Father Carlo returned no answer; his countenance became sad; he uttered with a low voice a few unintelligible words; then rushing into an adjoining alley, he disappeared from their view.

The travellers were greatly surprised at this unaccountable conduct.

'I perceive with pain,' said the elder of the two, 'that we must renounce our hopes of learning the particulars of an adventure, which I confess, more and more excites my curiosity; but we cannot put any further questions to Father Carlo, without wounding his delicacy. Perhaps the Friar who conversed with us this morning, will return before we leave the Monastery. If he should do so, we will endeavour to renew the subject, which was so unfortunately interrupted.'

This hope of the travellers

was, however, deceived. The Convent bell sounded the hour of repose. During the whole evening, Father Carlo had studiously avoided being alone with them; and they at last retired to their apartment, perfectly convinced that it would be in vain to endeavour to unravel a mystery which was now more than ever the object of their surprise.

The next day, after having expressed their gratitude to the Prior, and the whole of the Order, for the hospitality with which they had been treated, they left the Monastery with a guide, who had orders to conduct them to Formignano. As soon as they were alone, they expressed their regret at not having seen Father Carlo among his brethren at the moment of their departure. He had been in vain sought for in the interior of the Convent; but scarce had the travellers reached the avenue of poplars leading to the ruins, than they perceived him from afar, walking with a pensive and melancholy air. He approached and saluted them with that grace and dignity which so peculiarly distinguished him.

'I owe you a thousand apologies,' said he, 'for my con-

duct yesterday—it must have appeared very extraordinary to you. Allow me, however, without entering into any explanation at present, to entreat you to take charge of a letter which I shall entrust to your care. I cannot but be sensible to what an height your curiosity must have been raised, by the adventure of the subterraneous passage. It would have been impossible for me to have satisfied it, without renewing those soul-tending griefs, which ten years prayers and meditations, and the consolation of religion have been unable to weaken, or efface the remembrance of. If you wish to be informed of the destiny of one of the most unhappy mortals Heaven ever condemned to existence, deliver this letter to the Marchioness Justiniani, who is now at Urbino. She is my relation, and is in possession of a number of papers which I have requested her to communicate to you.'

On finishing these words, Father Carlo presented the letter to one of the travellers, and respectfully taking leave of them, disappeared waiting their reply, among the ruins of the Abbey.

(To be Continued.)

The SPECULATOR.

NUMBER XIII.

SATURDAY, Jan. 19, 1811.

*Lusus animo debent aliquando dari.**Ad cogitandum melior ut redeat sibi.*

Phædr. Fab. 14 L. 3.

FOR fear those obliging Ladies and Gentlemen, who have been so polite as to favour me with their epistles, may conceive that I intend to neglect them entirely, I shall devote this day's paper to the first on my selected list.

Mr. Speculator,

I AM of opinion that no offence upon politeness, deserves greater censure, than the exceptionable conduct of a great number of our young Gentlemen of *fashion*. I do not know in what light you, or your readers may view the subject, yet to me it is a serious grievance and inconvenience. Desirous of becoming as accomplished as those who walk in the same sphere with myself, I have paid considerable attention to all the branches of female education: and as a graceful figure and carriage tends to adorn the person, in the same manner as

solid information does the mind, I have attended a dancing master for several winters; but I confess the attainment of this accomplishment, has cost me more pain, than all my other acquirements taken together, and for this single reason:—You must understand sir, that there are a groupe of young men, who, on the days appointed for tuition, make it an invariable rule to surround the doors where our schools are kept: for the purpose (as they express it) of seeing the *Girls*; and the Ladies must totally forgo their attendance, or be compelled to make their ingress and egress through files of ten or a dozen of these impertinent *loungers*; and, what is worse, not content with staring a modest woman out of countenance, they conceive themselves privileged to make what offensive remarks they may think proper, nay, one of them had the impudence, a few days ago, to lift up my bonnet, and protest I was an Angel. Would it not be well sir, for every teacher of a dancing school, to employ a few peace officers to drive this idle rabble to their business? I am sure it would turn more to their account, than their present practice of annoying unprotected modesty.

Should they continue their ill-bred impertinencies, the fathers or brothers of some of the offended, may probably make them feel a *lash*, possessed of mere *sting* than this, from Sir,

Your admirer,
Clarinda.

MR. SPECULATOR,

I have ever considered it as the necessary duty of some person in every age, to record the follies and vices, as well as the virtues of mankind, and to hold their vain actions up to view, in a ridiculous light, that culpability may blush at itself, and some be enabled to amend. Since, such is my opinion, and since in the female part of society, there are as many ridiculous absurdities adopted, as among any part of the community, I shall from time to time, send you my thoughts upon some of the most predominant singularities that are tolerated and practised in this age of *refinement*, hoping that some of your numerous readers may be edified and amused thereby :

One of the most singular fashions, the *female Gentees* of this Metropolis have thought proper to introduce, is that of wearing what is generally called *bishops*.

A considerable time elapsed before I was able to discover what they were. I was in the constant practice of being in the company of young Ladies, and to my great astonishment, found those of my acquaintance who were of a slender and delicate cast, all of a sudden grown to a most enormous size, and particular about the hips ! I perceive that this strange alteration had not attracted my observation alone, but that most of the young *bucks* of the *blood* had remarked it likewise, and began to conceive that the ladies had become unusually fond of them, by appearing so much more frequent than formerly in their company ; when in truth, it was nothing more than an itching desire to shew the additional beauty they had added to their form. This singular *ornament* continued some months in vogue, to the wonder of our sex, 'till, on a fair pleasant day, one of these *modern belles*, took an opportunity of displaying her *shapes* in Broadway, (the usual place of resort for such purposes) but unfortunately for the *hip association*, by endeavouring to drop a graceful curtesy to one of her admirers as he passed : the contrivance by which the wonder was suspended, happened

either to untie or brake, and down it came instantly upon the pavement. One of the lads of the *cane*, chancing to be a short distance behind, and seeing something drop in the form of a pretty large package, loudly vociferated 'Stop, stop *fair damsel*, you have dropped your bundle; but she not a little mortified, particularly, when reflecting that owing to this misfortune, a complete discovery would be made of the means by which so promenant and *valuable* an *ornament* was acquired, proceeded without much apparent regard for her loss, leaving the young gentleman to keep possession of his prize; he picking it up followed on, endeavouring to overtake the lady, who being somewhat *lighter*, by this incident, out walked him, and he naturally concluded that he might take the liberty of gratifying his curiosity by examining the contents; when to his great surprise, instead of finding them articles in the usual way, they were merely *hips*: or ornaments for young ladies, which appeared by the following lable stamp'd upon one side, viz. '*To be Sold, in Maiden Lane, at the store of — — —, No. **, The best kind of American-manufactured false Hips:*

or Bishops, for young ladies stuffed with Merino wool, and padded in the most convenient manner.' Thus it is we see that mankind by *art*, are daily striving to add beauty to the original simplicity of nature, and sacrificing convenience, health, and almost every thing, to the fanciful absurdities of fashion and custom; which, instead of adding elegance and grace, to their persons and natural deportment, destroys that symmetry and beauty formed by the hand of nature, and which alone makes them appear graceful and lovely in the eyes of each other.

Mc Foelon.

Mr. Speculator,

I AM blessed with a wife, possessed of no small share of personal beauty, very engaging in her manners, when she is in a good humour, sincere and affectionate in her disposition, with a moderate share of wit: but at the same time she has a dreadful temper, together with a ridiculous habit of saying just what she thinks, on almost every occasion, which frequently renders her disagreeable to herself, and those about her, when any thing, however trifling, crosses her, or goes contrary to her wishes, she is im-

mediately angry, and if I undertake to expostulate on the impropriety of her conduct, she becomes outrageous, tells me she was a fool to marry me, wishes herself dead, etc.

Now sir, as it appears to be your design to improve the mind and mend the heart, I wish you would appropriate a paper or two on the Government of Temper, which may be of some use to her, (for she is a constant reader of your lucubrations) and oblige

Yours,

ALEXIS.

*** *Gracias*, had better dispense with his blustering; I am not to be brow-beat from my purpose, neither shall I ever give place to a communication unless I am perfectly satisfied with it *myself*. o.

The following Fragment was mislaid, or it should have appeared in the last Number.

DEBAUCHEE—A FRAGMENT.

***** The rising sun had illumined the east and all creation felt the influence of his vivifying beams—a gentle breeze stole smoothly on the majestic Hudson, which in undulating waves sparkled with reflected light. To enjoy the fragrant hour Alexes, left his

couch of down—he hoped a respite from his misery, by participating in the general joy of nature. Alas! for him creation blooms in vain; the enlivening spring, the fructuating summer, and the wreath crown'd autumn alike are joyless, nor yield a solitary ray to gild the dreary waste of life.

Once fortune smiled; roseate health sat blooming on his cheek, and sparkled in his eye. Innocence and joy diffused perpetual spring, while love and friendship strewed each path with flowers. But now, flown are those blissful prospects and vanished the hopes of his sanguine friends.—Heavens how changed! Is that emaciated enfeebled form, the gay, the once beloved Alexes—he whose enchanting mein kindled soft wishes in every fair ones breast. Of every charm too fatally possessed to wreck the peace of unguarded innocence, these charms too surely lured the fair Calista to destruction. With-er has fled the flush of youth, and where those sons of mirth that oft carressed thee when thy wealth supplied the wants of midnight revelings? Alas! the charm is over! Thy course is run! *Futurity* awaits the!

EDWARD.

A Wonderful Story.

We are informed by a gentleman, who was present when the following discovery was made, and on the fidelity of whose reliance we place the utmost narrative, that on the 2d of September last, some persons were digging a copperas cave, in the county of Warren, state of Tennessee, situated in what is usually called the Canny-fork of Cumberland river, ten miles below the Falls. That, at about 6 feet below the surface of the cave, something like clothing was discovered, which upon proper examination, was found to be the shrouding of some dead bodies. Upon further investigation, the bodies were found to be two in number, a male and female, which, as he expressed it, they judged to have been buried in ancient times.— They supposed the male, at the time of his decease, to have been about 25 years of age. He was enveloped in the following manner: First, with a fine linen shirt; his legs were drawn up, and closely bound with dressed deer skins; then 5 dressed deer skins, wrapped round his body, a twilled blanket wrapped round them, and a cane mat, 6 feet long, wrapped round the whole. His frame was entire, except the bowels; his hair of a fair complexion, his teeth remarkably sound, and his stature above common.

The body of the female was found three feet from the other.

Its position of lying was similar to that of the male. The carcase was enveloped first with 2 undressed deer skins, under which, upon the face, was found a small cane mat. Three or four dressed deer skins were wrapped round it over which was folded a large cane mat, large enough to cover the whole. There were then five sheets, supposed to be made of uettle lint, wrought up curiously around each, with feathers of various kinds and colours. Two fans of feathers were next found upon the bodies. The body, with the whole of the described wrapping, was found in what was supposed to be a hair trunk or box, with a cane cover, which was wound upon 2 well dressed deer skins of the largest kind. The whole was girted with 2 straps. The female is supposed to have been from 12 to 15 years of age, the eyes as full and prominent as when alive.

Nashville Review.

An English gentleman going to France, had made choice of an abbot as wicked as himself for the companion of his pleasures; one of his countrymen told him, 'That though the abbot and he differed about the way of going to heaven, they were in a fair way of going to the devil together.'

For the Lady's Miscellany.

.....
VARIETY.
.....

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.
.....

' Mirth, I yield me to thy sway,
Charm the canker care away.'

The following beautiful description of the dwelling of *Rumour*, is a translation of *Garths*, from Ovid's *Metemorphoses*.

Full in the midst of this created space,
Betwixt heav'n, earth, and skies, there stands a place,
Confining, on all three, with triple bound ;
Whence all things, tho' remote, are view'd around :
And thither bring their undulating sound.
The Palace of loud *Fame*, her seat of pow'r,
Plac'd on the summit of a lofty tow'r ;
A thousand winding entries, long and wide,
Receives of fresh reports a flowing tide.
A thousand crannies in the walls are made,
Nor gate, nor bars, exclude the busy trade,
'Tis built of brass the better to diffuse
The spreading sounds, and multiply the news :

Where echoes in repeated echoes play,
A mart forever full, and open night and day,
Nor silence is within, nor voice express,
But a deaf noise of sounds, that never cease :
Confus'd, and chiding, like the hollow roar
Of tides, receding from th' insulted shore.
Or like the broken thunder heard from far
When Jove at distance drives the rolling war.
The courts are filled with a tumultuous din
Of crouds, or issuing forth, or entering in :
A thorough-fare of news : where some devise
Things never heard, some mingle truth with lies,
The troubled air with empty sounds they beat,
Intent to hear, and eager to repeat.
Error sets brooding there, with added train
Of vain Credulity, and joys as vain :
Suspicion, with Sedition join'd are near,
And rumours rais'd, and murmurs mix'd, and panic fear,
Fame sits aloft, and sees the subject ground,
And seas about, and skies above, inquiring all around.

Historical Anecdote.

Richard the 1st of England received an arrow wound from one Bertrand de Gourdon, at the siege of the castle of Chalus. The castle was taken and the Garrison hung, except Gourdon, who was reserved for a more cruel execution.—The wound in itself was not dangerous, but the unskilfulness of the surgeon made it mortal : He so rankled Richards shoulder in pulling out the arrow, that a gangrene ensued. and that Prince was now sensible that his life was drawing towards a period. He sent for Gourdon, and asked him, *wretch, what have I ever done to you, to oblige you to seek my life ? What have you done to me ?* replied the prisoner coolly ; *You killed with your own hands my father and my two brothers, and you intended to have hanged myself : I am now in your power, and you may take revenge, by inflicting on me the most severe torments : But I shall endure them all with pleasure, provided I can think I have been so happy as to rid the world of such a nuisance.* Richard struck with the reasonableness of this reply, and humbled by the near approach of death, ordered Gordon to be

set at liberty and a sum of money given to him ; but Marcadee, one of the kings officers, unknown to Richard, seized the unhappy man, flayed him alive and then hanged him.

The subsequent extremely Poetical, lines are from Waller, and addressed to a Lady who played upon the Lute.

Such moving sounds from
such a careless touch,
So little she concern'd, and
we so much.

The trembling strings about
her fingers croud,
And tell their joy for every
kiss aloud.

Small force their needs to
make them tremble so,
Touch'd by that hand, who
would not tremble too ?

Here Love takes stand, and
while she charms the ear,
Empties his quiver on the list-
ning deer.

Music so softens and disarms
the mind,

That not one arrow can resis-
tance find.

Thus the fair tyrant celebrates
the prize,

And acts herself the triumph
of her eyes.

So Nero, once with harp in
hand survey'd

His flaming Rome : and, as it
burnt he played.

The *Chapter of Accidents* of the '*Massachusetts Spy*' is thus very ingeniously, as well as good naturedly, hit off in the last *Worcester Agis*.

"ACCIDENTS.

"As col. Whitbread, of Brewington, was forcing a cork from a bottle of ale the fixed air rushed out with such violence, that it instantly tore his head from his body, and unroofed his house.

"Lady Dumplin, of Meadtown, Conn. on Thanksgiving day, made a pudding for dinner rather larger than usual, and while capt. Goosely was in the act of helping himself to a comfortable slice, the pudding took it into its head to roll upon him and kill him.—A jury of inquest brought in a verdict of wilful murder, by the pudding as *principal*, and Lady D. as *accessary*.—They have both been apprehended and imprisoned, pursuant to the *Blue Laws*.

"While Iram Huggledugle, commander in chief of the Turkish army, was attempting on a late retreat, to cross a small stream upon a log, his feet suddenly slipped asunder and the log split him from the *os sacrum* to the *apex capitis*. So great, however, was his presence of mind, that he instantly joined together his severed body and head, and by the liberal use of Dr. Empirick's *salvum patentum*, was able in five days to perform military duty.

"As the hon. Mr.—, of Wigornia, sole Editor, Publisher and Proprietor of Himself, was attempting to illuminate his intellectual regions by holding a lighted candle in his mouth, the inflammable air which had long been pent up in a thick, hard skull, suddenly took fire, and in spite of the effort of the engineers to quench it, consumed the vast repositories of wit, genius and learning which had been accumulating for half a century. The flames and smoke rushed with great violence from his ears, nose, and mouth for the space of six hours; but there being no ideas within, the dreadful explosion which his 'friends from every quarter' expected did not take place. The damage, however, which muss be *incalculable* to himself and to the public, cannot be estimated at less than *fifty Mills*.

"Lieut. Van Iysethxoygntz, of Nova Zembla, having completed his new brick house, (the chimnies of which were constructed upon Dr. Wolga's improved plan) and having welcomed his family to that commodious and elegant building on the morning of the 32d inst. unfortunately lost his wife and dinner in the following manner. As his wife, about 11 o'clock, approached the kitchen fire place for the first time, to hang over the fire a pot heavily loaded with beef and pork, the strong draught, for which Dr. Wolga's chimnies are so remarka-

ble, took the poor woman, pot and all up chimney, and notwithstanding diligent search has been made, neither of them has been seen or heard of since.'

RIDDLE.

We are Brothers two, own Sisters Sons,
Our Father is our Grand-Father,
How strange our kindred runs.

A Solution is requested.

LADY'S MISCELLANY.

NEW-YORK, January 26, 1811.

"Be it our task,

To note the passing tidings of the time.

Dreadful Casualty.—On the 10th of November, at Paisley, in Scotland, at a fair, 130 or 140 people were upset in a boat in the basin of a canal; and out of the number 84 were drowned, 29 restored to life by medical assistance, and the others got out uninjured.

An epidemic broke out in Teneriffe early in November, and out of 10,000 inhabitants 1050 died in a few days.—Amongst the victims was Mark Wylie, late of N York. A brig (supposed to be the Helena from N. York, laden with flour and corn) was cast away on the coast of Teneriffe early in December, and it is feared every person on board perished.

On the 5th of November, by an explosion of secreted gun-powder in the city of Cork, 3 houses were blown up, and 18 persons were torn to pieces and 3 others so mangled that their lives were despaired of.

MARRIED,

On Wednesday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Cooper, Mr. Cornelius Brinkerhoff, to Miss Ann Stagg, daughter of Mr. Thomas H Stagg, all of this city.

On Tuesday the 18th inst. Mr. Caleb Hopkins, of this city, to Miss Keturah Hill, of Catskill.

On Sunday last, by the rev. Mr. Bowen, M. C. J. Van Westerholt, Lieu Col. in the Dutch service, to Miss S. Wooffendale.

DIED,

On Saturday last, of a lingering illness, Mrs Catharine Ayres, wife of Mr Frazee Ayres, mer of this city, deeply lamented by all who knew her. In the death of this amiable woman, her children are bereft of a tender and affectionate mother, the poor of a friend, and so society of an ornament.

On Sunday last, after a short illness, Mrs Jane Knott, aged 83 years.

On Sunday last, of a short but severe illness, which she bore with patient resignation, Mrs Ann White, wife of Thomas White, of this city, in the 58th year of her age.

On Monday morning last Mrs Cynthia Egbert, aged 22 years widow of the late William Egbert, deceased.

"A pale Consumption, 'midst life's early bloom,

Urg'd its dire course, and mark'd her for the Tomb,

At length the vital lamp but dimly burn'd,

Life's lazy loitering wheel that slowly turn'd

At last stood still—

While the glad soul exults at its release, Attendant seraphs sang soft Hymns of peace—

Bore on swift wing their happy charge away

Thro' the fair portals to bright worlds of day."

On Tuesday evening of a consumption, Mrs Catherine Cunningham, wife of capt John Cunningham.

At Danville—At Corinth, of the Small Pox, on the 27th of October last, Robert M'Kean, of Londonderry; November the 5th. Cyrus, son of John M'Kean, aged 9 months; about 8 o'clock the same morning, Lydia, daughter of David M'Kean, aged 4 years; in the evening of the same day, about 8 o'clock, Lydia, wife of David M'Kean and daughter of James Ingalls, esq. of Methewen, (Mase.) aged 43. Thus God has called for and taken a brother-in-law, a grand child, a lovely daughter, and an endearing wife, in the solemn manner above related. Likewise, on the 7th of Nov Hannah Crook, daughter of Charles Crook, aged 16 years.

[We understand that seventeen of the inhabitants of Corinth took the Small Pox the natural way, out of which number the above persons died—and that its progress was completely arrested, by the introduction of vaccine inoculation.]



"Apollo struck the enchanting Lyre,
The Muses sung in strains alternate."

.....

For the Lady's Miscellany.



BY SELLECK OSBORN.

[The following verses are founded on the story of an English gentleman and lady, who were on their passage to the East Indies, of an English fleet. For some particular reason they left the vessel, and went on board the admiral's ship, leaving two young children in the care of a negro. In a violent storm, the ship containing the two children was fast sinking, when a boat arrived from the admiral's ship for their relief. The crew eagerly crowded to the boat, but the negro lad finding there was only room for himself alone, or the two children, generously put them on board, and remained himself on the wreck, which, with the generous boy was immediately engulfed in the ocean.]

New H. Centinel.

Tremendous howls the angry blast !
The boldest hearts with terror quake !
High o'er the vessel's torterring mast
The liquid mountains fiercely break !
Each eye is fix'd in wild despair,
And death displays his terrors there.

Now plunging in the dread abyss,
They pierce the bosom of the deep—
Now rise, where vivid lightnings hiss,
And seem the murky clouds to sweep ;
Tho' the dark waste dread thunders roll,
And horrors chill the 'frighted soul !

See on the deck young *Marco* stand,
(Two blooming cherubs by his side,
Entrusted to his faithful hands ;
' A mother's joy, a father's pride.')

Though black his skin as shades of night,
His heart is fair—his soul is white !

Each to the yawl with rapture flies,
Except the noble generous boy ;
' Go, lovely infant go,' he cries,
' And give your anxious parents joy—
' No mother will for *Marco* weep,
' When fate entombs him in the deep !'

' Long have my kindred ceased to grieve,
' No sister kind my fate shall mourn—
' No breast for me a sting will have,
' No bosom friend wait my return !
He said—and sinking sought the happy shore,
Where toil and slavery vex his soul no more.



MERCY.

By Selleck Osborn.

To crown creation's mighty plan
Th' Almighty mandate thunder'd forth
' Let procreant Earth produce a Man !'
And straight the creature sprang to birth.

Health, strength and beauty clothed his frame,
He moved with majesty and grace ;

A bright, a pure angelic name
Illumed each feature of his face.

Upon his brow sat calm repose,
His eyes with love and mildness shone,
Till a grim band of imps arose,
And mark'd the victim for their own.

There hate in livid hues portrayed
The gnashing teeth, the blood shot
eye,
There curst ingratitude display'd
The foulest blot, the blackest dye:

And Avarice, ambitious too,
To plant her odious image there,
Cast o'er his cheeks a sallow hue,
And wrinkled marks of wordly care.

In wrath th' Eternal viewed the stain
Which marr'd the offspring of his
word,
Spurn'd the weak wretch with high
disdain
And bade stern Justice lift her sword!

But Mercy, heaven's loveliest child,
Imploring, knelt before the throne—
Alternate pray'd, and wept and smil'd,
With angel sweetness all her own.

Then turned to Man, with kind em-
brace,
And wept to see his dire decay—
Her tears fell plenteous on his face,
And wash'd the hideous blots away.

The tables turned upon time.

Old Time kills us all,
Rich, poor, great and small,
And its therefore we rack our inven-
tion;
Throughout all our days,
In finding our ways,
To kill him, by way of prevention.

TO LET.

TWO Rooms in a quiet part of the
City (furnished or not, as may suit the
Tenant) the use of a Kitchen, Yard etc.
Apply at this Office. Jan. 12

MUSICAL ACADEMY.

FOR teaching various kinds of Mu-
sical, Wind and String Instruments, in
a short, true, and comprehensive man-
ner as will be most advantageous to
those who learn as above specified, and
render themselves capable of enjoying
the pleasure of this art, on moderate
terms, by JAMES H. HOFFMAN

No. 51, Anthony-street.

* Also—Military Bands, may, upon
application as above, be taught correctly,
and receive the true method for any in-
strument to complete the same. Oct 13

TO LET.

AT Richard Ford's Porter House,
No. 12, Rosevelt-street, a large and
commodious Room, suitable for a
School, or Military instructions, Balls,
Societies; and the same having a stage
with scenery, is well adapted for Pub-
lick Recitations, Lecturing, or Juvenile
performances.

N. B. Free and Easy, on every Tues-
day Evening. Commence at 7 o'clock
at the above place. Dec 22

NOTICE.

FOR Sale, or Exchanged for property
of every sort, several valuable tracts and
parcels of Land, well situated, and sev-
eral years credit will be given, for most
of the purchase money or property by
installments to suit purchasers. Also,
Land Warrants, and patents for Land,
in the best soil and climate in America,
sold very low with the Governor's re-
commendations and others. Also for
the accommodation of the public, money
will be advanced on portable property,
on reasonable terms, by applying to

T. H. BRANTINGHAM,

No. 97, William-Street.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY

SAMUEL B. WHITE,

No. 317 Water-street, New-York.

AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.